Repentance

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Repentance

by Sugarmouse

Summary

Takes place after the end of A Way to Live.

Hannibal receives a visitor he's been expecting.

Notes

I am alive! I am writing! I see this as leading into the sequel I would like to write to A Way to Live.

A million thanks to the awesome FringeWolf for the beta! You are the best.

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal does not normally drift in his sleep. He is either in a state of wakefulness or unconsciousness. He is *aware* of everything. He is aware of the movement in the room, the quiet steps. He is aware of the faintest sounds and smells of another, he is aware of who it is and can't help but feel his heartbeat speed up, his breath catch for just a moment.

He knew this was coming, from the moment he opened up that box, knew he would see him again. For this his heart feels fuller, the hole inside him less dark, as though light penetrates, if even for a moment, if even just below the surface.

He doesn't open his eyes. He lies still, even if he knows that his visitor knows him too well by now. They're both silent. Hannibal knows Will must be looking at him now. He resists the urge to open his eyes, to have that moment of adjustment in the dark, to see the blurred outline of Will resolve itself into the shape of the man that has managed to weaken him so.

He has counted days, weeks, since the heart, since even further back before that, when he last saw Will. He thought it might fall onto a date of some significance but that was too much to hope. The heart in the box allowed his own to soar, yet he's been waiting so long now. Waiting to find out his own fate.

Things can't be as they were. It's impossible and Hannibal knows he deserves nothing less than his own destruction. He can only dream that the changes he's awakened in Will are even a fraction of what Will has done to him in return. He clenches his jaw and listens as Will moves, senses him lean over him and look at his sleep-feigning face.

They both know he's not asleep, that this is just one more of a series of lies between them. The truth is too buried now, too deep and Hannibal needs the flagellation of some kind of punishment for his sins before he will have earned a truth from Will. He allows his body to remain slack even as he resists the need to tense at the shock of Will's fingertip on his cheek, delicately tracing the bones of his face.

Will doesn't speak, but Hannibal feels each of his breaths against his face, over his lips, as though for a moment Will might kiss him. Will's breath moves across his face, growing closer, his breath and then the tip of his nose ghosting against Hannibal's neck. He can feel his pulse speed up, Will must feel it too.

He doesn't really dream, but this feels as though it might be one, close to the edge of some kind of reality. When Will's hands are on him, rough and clutching at him, sudden and sharp, it feels as though he should wake up. He moves with Will, the pretense of sleep is gone, yet he doesn't open his eyes. He moves with the hands, rolling him onto his front. He holds his hands still, resisting the need to clutch at the sheets, to find some kind of anchor. He feels the chill of the room as his body is bared, the covers pulled down to bare his back. He feels Will's touch, his weight against him.

Hannibal can't help the slight tensing of the muscles in his shoulders, down his back, his buttocks, his thighs. He feels Will's fingertips, the sharp edges of his nails digging into the skin along his sides. He feels the weight as Will sits across him, the scratch of his clothing

against Hannibal's own bare skin. His own breath against the pillow feels oppressive and smothering.

Will's hands are rough, his weight pressing down and Hannibal feels some small twinge of relief at that. He wants Will to take what he needs, to take whatever he deems the price of forgiveness, if Hannibal can ever *be* forgiven. He tries to breathe, even as he feels overwhelmed. He tries to lay as still as possible, even as he feels Will's fingers, moving to where he touched Will so many times. This could have been an act of intimacy, of a closeness borne of love, yet Hannibal knows that it is his own fault this has turned into this act of dominance.

He tries to relax as dry fingertips rub at his hole and he's almost shocked when Will moves his other arm to remove something from his pocket. He's still as Will presses at him, warm and dry and unpleasant in all ways but that it's *Will* doing it. He wants it to be *his* Will, yet he knows he should just be happy to get what he is about to get. He will accept whatever Will is willing to give.

The lubricant isn't as ice cold as it feels, merely the sudden contrast a slight shock. Hannibal presses his face into the pillow, feeling the pressure of fabric against his closed eyelids, not as hard as he wishes it could be. Will pushes fingers deeper and Hannibal feels his hips lift just a fraction, lifting upwards towards connection.

The only sounds Hannibal can hear are his own breaths, his own heartbeat pounding in his head. He tries to tune them out, to hear Will's breathing, to hear the rustle of Will's clothes, the wet sound of Will's fingers in his ass syncing to their movement in and out, quickly stretching him no more than what's needed.

He tries to relax when Will finally pulls out his fingers and pushes into him. The moment of emptiness gives him a moment to brace himself and yet he still can't stop the slight tensing of muscle, the stab of pain he feels at the penetration. He takes it, he takes it as well as he had once expected Will to. He tries to relax his body as Will braces his knees on either side of his hips, pressing his pelvis down onto Hannibal's and in turn, down onto the mattress.

He breathes in his own breath from the pillow, feeling lightheaded and weak. He feels the twitch in his throat, his vocal cords struggling to make sound, but he manages to wrestle the urge down inside.

Will's fingers pinch into his skin, gripping the flesh of his body for some anchor as he thrusts into Hannibal's body. Hannibal wishes he had an anchor of his own, his weak grip against the flat surface below him is not enough. He wishes he could open his eyes, could turn and look at Will, and yet he does not know if he would like what he would see.

Hannibal feels disconnected from what is happening, his experience a series of separate unpleasant sensations. He's not aroused, his flaccid cock rubbing against the sheets as Will thrusts into him. He feels used in a way that Will must have, not just from Hannibal's abuse but from everyone before him. Hannibal isn't sure that he feels *shame* but perhaps he feels some modicum of regret. Will was special, Will *is* special.

He holds his breath when he feels Will's movements lose their steady rhythm, speeding up for a moment and pressing deeper, jerking into him, slamming painfully into him, pressing him into the bed with all of Will's weight. He tries to focus on their joining, the physical sensation of Will inside, of Will coming into him. He wants to savour it, to savour what Will has come here to give him and yet, Will is pulling out of him too quickly, climbing off the bed too quickly, leaving the room too quickly.

Hannibal lies still, his breathing still smothered by the pillow, light headed from lack of air. He lies unmoving, feeling throbbing pain, warm points on his body that now feel stung by the cool air in the room. He feels as though there is some ghostly remnant of Will's weight on his back, of Will's fingers on his skin, of Will *inside* his body. He feels the aching stab up his lower spine. He twitches loose muscles and feels a moment of regret at his body's ability to close back up, the wet smear of lube and soreness the only external indicator. He doesn't sit up. He doesn't want Will's orgasm to slip out of him, even if it was not the result of an act of joy. He does find comfort in the thought that perhaps Will's actions might come from a place of ownership, a place that means Will might desire to own part of Hannibal as much as he had wished to own Will.

It's not possible for that to happen, for either of them to own any part of the other. They are beyond that, Hannibal thinks, but even still, he lies, eyes closed, attempting to savour *something* about this moment.

He doesn't want to move, but he has to turn his head, suck in a lungful of air as though it's his first time breathing after almost drowning. The air is so cold it burns yet he gasps it greedily into his chest. He opens his eyes, almost shocked to find the room still dark, still quiet and still and *empty*.

He lays his head back on the pillow, turned to the side and just *breathes*, drawing air in and out, lying limp on the bed and looking at the bedside table, at the item that Will must have left behind. He wonders if it is an intended gift, or perhaps a warning. Perhaps Will had intended to use the knife, to draw it against Hannibal's throat and end whatever connection it is that seems to have joined them together.

The edge of the blade barely catches the light, sharp and shiny and ready for use. Hannibal thinks Will would go for the neck, bleed him out like one of his pigs. It seems fitting, if that is how Will has been practicing, if that is how Will intends to continue.

The edges of Hannibal's lips lift in a smile and he looks at the knife and finds himself feeling calm, peaceful. He lies in his spot on the bed, physically uncomfortable and body laid out, open and unprotected. He closes his eyes and feels his muscles relax, feels the chill of the air in the room against the wetness smeared between his buttocks and thighs. He takes a deep breath, letting it out and knowing that if he felt that blade cross his throat right this moment, it would be okay, because it would be at Will's hands.

End Notes

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